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VOL. XL.

No. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENTIS
Cantabunt Summes, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1875.

NEW HAVEN

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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THE
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VOL. XL. OCT. 1874—JULY, 1875.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '76.

JOHN B. GLEASON,

WILLIAM W. HYDE,

ELMER P. HOWE,

JOSEPH H. MARVIN,

RUFUS B. SMITH.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF CULTURE.

THE practical element so necessary to America's progress as a new country is assuming at present an all-powerful and dangerous ascendancy. Rigidly practical ideas, which have given her a foremost rank in mechanics and invention, and an enviable prominence in political economy and industrial customs, are likely to prove serious obstacles to success in other directions. A close adherence to the dollar and cents standard in the estimate of merits, yields in many cases substantial and far-sighted results, but in others is as unprofitable as it is unjust. Yet by such a standard, absurd as it may seem, a large proportion of our people judge culture. The boy preparing for college meets with many disheartening and sarcastic remarks. The more than one hundred young men who annually go out of this institution to the active labors of life, are appalled at the prospect which presumptuous judges deign to picture. Nor do their prophecies seem to lack force through want of examples. For youthful companions of years ago have outgrown their youth and companionship,

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and earnest men have risen in the world and on the high road to prosperity have assumed a manly dignity. Business experience, the confidence of the mercantile community, and, withal, the possession of a substantial competency, are their rewards. But the collegian can boast of the possession of none of these desirable gains. From the business point of view, the recluse of four years is just beginning life, just coming upon the stage of action, four years late, irretrievably late for worldly success, which necessitates youthful experience and well-grounded habits of industry. Our practical man reproaches them because he is ignorant of a mental exertion above that of the counting house, and, contrary even to mercantile laws, condemns a ware of which he has no knowledge. Intellectual mellowing is to him incomprehensible.

Culture needs no apology, and as knowledge, not power, is the true predicate of knowledge, so culture should be the only predicate of culture. The satisfaction and ennobling of its possessor being its highest object, it is unheeding to the desire to have its merits weighed from a financial standpoint, although even such a method of examination, it is seen by a hasty sketch, is far from detrimental to its interests. For while physical labor is honorable and taxing, there can logically be drawn no inference that mental work is less severe and overburdening. That the best years of youth are wasted in the scanning of Greek and Latin words, or in similar useless occupations, is plainly absurd, and habits of idleness so detrimental to success have not supplanted those of industry, its most essential requisite. The difficulty experienced by those unacquainted with our collegiate system, in understanding in what manner the dry details of a course improve the mind, is recognized by all collegians. But the word of these collegians, who held the same opinions years ago, must be accepted in good faith now that they changed them. It would be as absurd for the collegian to deny the usefulness of the apparent superfluous machinery in a chronometer, because he can logically see no relation between them. It is universally granted that a

subject should be understood before a correct judgment is passed upon it. But if, in this case, an appeal must be made for faith in collegiate veracity, surely none is needed to demonstrate the fallacy of that charge which claims that self-reliance is materially weakened by others supplying financial assistance and support. The practical view deservedly applauds the apprentice for years without remuneration devoted to acquiring a vocation which will afterwards yield substantial benefits. For him no fear is felt that when thrown upon his own resources failure rather than success may crown his efforts. Yet is not he, like the student, supported financially by others? Because the trade of the one is, perchance, in iron and the other in mind, there should follow no such dissimilar results as success and failure, when their surroundings and assistance have been so similar.

To decrease the number of one's wants and to increase and make more easily attainable the objects of enjoyment are advantages sufficiently practical to be recognized by the least worldly. And these gains, of which the former is in some respects a direct sequence of the latter, our recluse is certainly in possession of. For culture exerts a refining influence, gives a love for nature, and a taste for letters. The delight in reading supplants many enjoyments once coveted, now viewed with disgust. The leaves of the trees, the grass of the fields, all yield untold pleasures to a cultivated man. Gibbon declared that he would not exchange his early and invincible love of reading for the treasures of India. Yet no great financial consideration is necessary to furnish abundant literary matter to satisfy the most craving. Nature requires no stipend of her worshippers. To cry aloud that this is idle sentimentality, is to display, in addition to a startling ignorance, that most perverse spirit which is determined to admit no convictions. It is this conservative spirit, blind and obstinate, which, even in the face of the fact that our large cities possess stores with employees more numerous than the students of most colleges, complains bitterly of the prospect of an overwhelming influx on

society of professional men, and deplorably prophecies a financial wreck in the life of the collegian who, immediately after graduation—the most hopeless period in his life—can command a larger salary, even at teaching, than that which an equal time in but few other businesses affords.

With the prevalence of such opinions hostile to education, it is not surprising that the elective system is strenuously and constantly advocated. For such a system, by improving a particular faculty of the mind, renders it peculiarly fitted for some remunerative employment. Our elective champions are not such as have, after an abstract consideration, decided "that our natural inclinations should be improved rather than our entire character rounded out and developed." No desire to attain a higher education prompts them. Culture in itself has no charms and allurements for them. A parsimonious and over-anxious desire to obtain knowledge in a certain branch before the necessary foundation of a general culture is laid, is their motive power. And this fact alone explains in a great measure why America, in proportion to her population and advantages, gives to the world so few scholars celebrated and advanced in discovery. For intellectual activity does not attain its greatest height except by a general training, and the highest intelligence in a subject necessitates no inconsiderable general knowledge. The practical spirit, then, which boastingly claims that it is establishing the elective system in our colleges, is really the greatest obstacle to its success. For it is no far-sighted policy to spend years in the study of the law entirely ignorant of literature, the sciences, and without a sufficient general culture, so essential to success in that profession. A knowledge of chemistry is invaluable, and in truth necessary, to one who aspires to prominence as a physician. Civil engineering means more than trigonometrical formulæ and an apt mind in the solution of algebraic problems. Not until America ceases to grudge time spent in study and to look upon a thorough general education as an unnecessary precedent, will she find suc-

cess in her elective system. Then, indeed, we may look for a rapid increase in the number of our eminent scholars.

Yet this opposition is not, we have seen, inimical to all education. Its avaricious spirit desires as much as can be made practically available, and none are so blind as not to recognize that a certain amount of education is able to well serve such a purpose. This cause explains the fact that in America there are so few men of ignorance, and at the same time so few men of great learning. But in Germany the reverse is the case. For her philosophers, numerous, are wonderfully celebrated for research and learning, while the mass is superstitious and really ignorant. The skeptical in the hands of her scholars, and the practical in possession of the mass, occupy separate and by no means conflicting positions. Her literature, then, has exhibited a most striking originality and the most unbounded recklessness in the boldness of its inquiry. But democratic America will have no distinctions, and "fuses" the practical and the skeptical. The result has been that our poetry has lacked a vivid and lofty imagination, and our prose, for the most part free from vivacity, has thought that its highest object was attained if it was replete with simple matter-of-fact expressions. That we have had delightfully charming writers free from these faults is by no means a proof that this cause of injury to our literature is chimerical. It only serves to show to what height it might rise if the restraints which are upon it were removed. For in spite of these it is seen that at times it reveals a wonderful originality and beauty unable to be restrained. Yet the plan for education in America is certainly a broad and superior one. In no other country is there such a general diffusion of knowledge. But it is not the diffusion, but the accumulation, of knowledge of which we complain. We do well enough as far as we go, but we do not go far enough. The common rudiments of culture are easily attainable and eagerly sought for, but a higher education is, in the main, for reasons we have seen, regarded not only as un-

necessary, but even as a drawback to success. Such a view is not, of course, the only one in America concerning education, but it is the one which may be said to be the most prevalent and influential. This statement will, in all probability, subject us to the most virulent abuse of supposed American enthusiasts. None are more patriotic than ourselves. But patriotism is a desire for welfare, not a blind enthusiasm over faults and merits confusedly blended.

We turn with interest to this university, a fair index of the nation's higher education; and as we look abroad to the other universities of the land, we see abundant cause for self-congratulation. For while a majority of them, under the plea of "advanced methods," patronize the electives, for the most part necessarily ill-chosen, we are seen to dictate the course of study, prone to entrust its selection to the students. Nor is this conservatism reprehensible. For the age at which college is entered is different now from what it was, and boys, not men, are rapidly filling our first classes. Experience and maturity, then, would not lend to them their aid in selection, and in preference to a rambling course of ill-considered studies, we prefer a solid and broad foundation, so essential to all success. There is no need, then, for despondency on our part. For weighed by the business standard, our culture is not found wanting, while in its pursuit we all seem to avoid the evils which the practical ideas of the country have created.

ANACREONTIC.

I cannot bear
The wild discord and strifes of men,
More pleasant care,
In silence strange of brake and fen,
To lull and dream, nor to condemn.

I do not hear
A crowd who jostle swarming by,
To me more dear,
In hurried courses hast'ning fly
The clouds across the sun-set sky.

Yonder the bee,
Who cheerful hums the livelong days,
Entrances me.
Then idle in vain pleasure's maze
Slips from my solitary gaze.

Far down the west,
In matchless course behind the hills
Passing to rest,
The sun goes down, and darkness fills
The soul with ills, wierd, of phantasy.

Forsooth are souls
That commune with themselves content,
Or hopeless rolls,
In calmless agitation spent,
The current fierce of discontent?

DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.*

Hawthorne's Representations of Sin.

BY CARL THURSTON CHESTER, BUFFALO, N. Y.

“ARE hatred and love the same at bottom?” “Are sins of thought a man’s true character?” “Is the first impulse of the soul’s growth found in remorse and pain?” “Why is crime allowed to be the agony of many innocent?” “Is crime a blessing in disguise?” “Did Adam fall that our paradise might be higher?” “Are sin and sorrow only elements of education?” Such riddles Hawthorne found, but could not, dared not, answer.

Sin, with its workings, seems to have been the great puzzle in life to Hawthorne. We hear of plays written for some star actor, adapted in every point for displaying his ability to the uttermost. Hawthorne’s books are dramas written for Sin to act in, and, in the language of the bills, it shows itself an “eminently Protean actor.” His romances are not interesting from their plot, for even the little that there is he reveals as quickly as he can, for it seems to hamper him. They are, rather, exquisitely graceful psychological studies. But, as fitting for scenes in which Sin is to be the actor, there envelops them a sober greyness which only his wealth of fancy and descriptive power keep from settling too heavily upon the reader, like Dickens’ London fog. An unrelieved greyness, except in the “Marble Faun” where the mingling of the grey with a little of the Italian brightness has a strange fascination. A greyness which so oppressed even him that he said, “I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.” In all his romances, except that last wild story of dreams of immortality, Sin plays the prominent roles. In the “Scarlet Letter,”—besides Sin’s

* The prize was divided between C. T. Chester and H. S. Gulliver.

three parts, as Acknowledged Sin in the woman, Concealed Sin in the minister, and Deliberate Sin in the physician,—the cast is insignificant and unessential. The "Marble Faun" avowedly gives Sin chance to show its educating power, and its strange influence over the innocent. The "Seven Gables" is almost a monologue for hereditary guilt. And in the "Blithedale Romance" Sin appears in the role of a madly restricted philanthropy. While in his reveries, as "Fancy's Show-box" and the "Black-veiled Man," it is Sin still that enchains the dreamer.

But in all his Sin-dramas, after furnishing stage and appointments, Hawthorne seems to sit and watch the acting with the deepest interest, and while he watches, to make comments and criticisms and to draw lessons, but to give nothing upon authority. So that we can sit beside him and can watch and criticise, and it may be that we shall condemn as unnatural some things which seem to him suggestive. The whole repertoire is before us, and Sin's roles are largely companion personations.

Judge Pyncheon and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale,—if we may take the one away from the shadow of the Seven-gabled House, and the other from the village where the *Scarlet Letter* was seen, and without scenery place them side by side, only because in them Concealed Sin shows its power. Men of strong intellects, they each have been guilty of one great crime, have buried it in their hearts, and ever afterward have lived such outward lives that the judge is held a model of Christian respectability; and the minister, preaching as he never preached before, is worshiped by his people for his saint-like purity. But in their hearts is the difference and sure prophecy of the end. The judge, coldly self-contained, joins his own admirers and becomes a hypocrite with himself. But the minister's warmth of feeling cannot let his sin rest quietly in its grave, but love and praise give him horror and drive him to scourging. For such lives, the blood-stained figure sitting still in the dark parlor of the seven-gabled house, haunted by the ghosts of all the Pyncheons; and the dying minister confessing his guilt to the wondering village,

as of his own will he stands upon the scaffold with the woman of the scarlet letter and their child,—are dramatic but inevitable conclusions.

The judge we have met elsewhere. Dickens' Pecksniff is he in comedy, or a little caricatured as real life in the cartoons of *Punch*. But the minister, struggling to believe that he is concealing his sin for the glory of God, is a more original figure. Yet it is not from novel ideas advanced about the workings of hidden sin, but from the consummate skill with which these workings are displayed, that the character is boldly striking. Hawthorne's comments are true: "The breach which guilt once makes in a soul is never repaired;" "No man can wear two faces without himself being bewildered." Thus far this companion of ours, with "thoughtfully sad face," has no strange ideas about sin. But he may startle us with his ideas of the influence of Revealed Sin upon character.

Now come on the stage,—the beautiful Hester Prynne, wearing the scarlet letter as a ceaseless, silent testimony of her shame, and Moodie, lurking in his shadowy way about Blithedale. The woman is strong, the man is weak, and upon their characters their single sins act appropriately. While she stays bravely where her sin is known, and where the symbol she wears will constantly remind of it; he flees, changes his name, and tries to hide from himself. She patiently takes up her burden. Banished from society, "shame, despair and solitude" become her teachers. They teach her to be sceptical of goodness and free in speculation. But from her repentance she learns kinder lessons,—goodness to the sick and suffering, and blameless living—until the A seems the "cross upon a man's bosom." And Hawthorne whispers, "She has worked out from the torture of her daily shame another purity than that she had lost, more saint-like from martyrdom."

But there are deeper roles for Sin to play, roles subtle enough to call out all its powers of interpretation, roles that only such a mind as Hawthorne's could have created. Chillingworth, the wronged husband of the woman of the

scarlet letter, plotting scientific revenge, and Ethan Brand coolly searching for the Unpardonable Sin. Consummate, almost artistic sinners,—their sin is so deliberately bare that only a strangeness of fascination, which he alone could have lent them, saves them from horrible repulsiveness. Yet they are a fearful pair, and if like shapes threatened him, no wonder that he said, when starting a new romance, "I linger at the threshold, and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered if I enter." Chillingworth is to me his most powerful creation. The wise scholar resolving upon revenge, fastening himself to the minister who has wronged him, deliberately planning to ruin his soul, making himself his trusted friend, enticing confidences of guilt, revelling in the agonies of his conscience, features and appearance changing in sympathy with his heart, an eagerly fierce look stealing into his eyes,—until, by seven years' enjoying analysis of a tortured heart, he becomes a fiend. Exaggerated,—if one looks for a Chillingworth in actual life. But taken as it was intended,—as a representation of sin, rather than of a sinner, a study of the power of revengeful hatred, in which capacities are carried to their results,—it is very powerful. Hawthorne says: "Chillingworth's sin, that of violating the sanctity of a human heart, is the blackest of all sins." Then he turns to us with one of those puzzles which only his ingenious keenness could find suggestion of, argues a little for it, and leaves it with us unanswered. "Are hatred and love the same at bottom?" For, both demand intimate knowledge of their object, and both derive their pleasure from it.

The other of the pair is product of imagination wilder yet. A simple, kindly lime-kiln watcher, resolves to discover the Unpardonable Sin. Studying character, searching hearts, his awe changing to curiosity, experimenting upon men, his heart withering while his intellect becomes colossal,—at last in his own mind he finds the Unpardonable Sin, "the sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God. An extravaganza? Yes. But take away the wildly ring-

ing laugh and the grotesque mountain scenery,—and the ruin of cultivating intellect at the expense of the moral nature is a deeper truth than extravaganza often yields.

Now a change of scenery. For the *Scarlet Letter* was worn in a New England town. The Seven-gabled House frowned on a New England street. From New England plants the Elixir of Life was made, and Blithedale was the home of New England socialists. A change to Italian streets, studies and palaces. Everyone knows the story of the Marble Faun, knows it in its graceful fancifulness as he does the story of Elaine,—so well that when retold he hardly recognizes it. The simple Donatello, living only in his senses, loving Miriam,—until from passionate love comes hatred for her enemy; from hatred, murder; and from murder,—sadness, remorse and an intellect. Nowhere else has Hawthorne given so many of his ideas of sin. For, with all its rich Italian coloring, its playful fancy of the Faun, with all that makes it the book it is it is a skillful representation of the educating power of Sin. While, besides this main idea, in each of the other characters, as they are grouped around Donatello, some thought about sin finds expression. Miriam's life, darkened by another's guilt, is expression of Hawthorne's wonder that "crime is allowed to be the agony of many innocent." Hilda's part is to show the "peculiar despair" of innocence in contact with crime. And the monk's, the possibility of debasing a "religious character." But that the book was written "to evolve a thoughtful moral," Hawthorne need not have told us. Sin multiplied Dimmesdale's intellectual power. Sin transformed Ethan Brand from an ignorant peasant to a philosopher. By remorse for Sin Donatello gained a soul. This role of an Educator is Hawthorne's favorite one for Sin, and nowhere has he shown more of a master's skill than in the creation of the character of Donatello to display it. For it is not one of those wearisome allegorical dominos, a Mr. Sin-given-Intellect, companion for Bunyan's Worldly-Wise-man. But it is the most charming, impossibly possible character imaginable. And while anyone else with

so little of intellect would be pitiful, there is ingenuity in giving us a half-faun, who is only lovable. And we are carried on to love, hatred, murder, remorse and intellect,—so bewitched by the poetic unreality that we forget that it is poetic, forget that it is not wholly real. And for an instant our companion's riddles are our own. And in sympathy we, too, wonder "if sin is a blessing in disguise," and if sin and sorrow are only elements of education. And we half need Hilda's rebuke for wondering if 'Adam fell that we might ultimately rise to a higher paradise.' That at the end, though we do not believe them, such thoughts have lost their strangeness, is the triumph of the writer.

Such are Hawthorne's representations of sin—the sinful characters in his books. Imagine them, for a moment, as looking for associates in that world somewhere in which authors' creations live. Thieves, murderers, hypocrites, sinners of every kind are there. Yet among them all whom could they find like themselves? Utterly incongruous is the idea of their meeting, as if there were anything between them in common, with such villains as Fagin, Sykes, Squeers and Stiggins. And to call these last comedy characters and men of a lower order does not explain the incongruity. For, would Becky Sharp, Crawley, or the Marquis of Steyne be more congenial for their society? Or is it easy to imagine Judge Pyncheon or Dimmesdale chatting familiarly with Bulstrode on the outskirts of Middlemarch? To such thoughts, the idea which is almost the refrain of all his prefaces gives completest answer. That his books are romances, not novels; that he has sought for his Sin-dramas scenery in which realities need not be closely insisted upon; that romances need lichen-covered ruins, away from the sunlight of every-day prosperity, where a little of the marvelous is not out of harmony. With the scenery the characters are in harmony. Costumes a little strange, manners a little strange, are needed to make the whole artistic. So, from all his books, there is hardly more than one character who, in common scenery, would not seem quaintly

odd,—a young girl in the House of Seven Gables. And that,—because a simple, sweet young life like hers may grow anywhere, and so can never be quite exotic. And, though not at all elaborated, Hawthorne has made her so lovable and winningly dainty that he proves that it was not inability to picture our common life, but the highest artistic purpose, which gave to his characters what they have of unworldliness.

Hawthorne was not, like Auerbach, an advocate of a system of philosophy. Nor was he an apostle of any peculiar theory of sin. But his mind was such that, voluntarily or not, it was ever the most unerring detective, the keenest analyzer of sin, however hidden. And, though he confesses that it was sometimes against his will,—whenever he wrote, these thoughts about sin clamored for expression. And he gave them shape, not for their novelty, but for their truth; but shape of such distinctness and completeness in details too subtle for common perception as to have the power of novelty. The lessons which he teaches, theology would not dispute. Our world is the better, as that other, book-peopled world is the richer, for the lessons of Hester's penitence and Dimmesdale's agony, and for the lives of all these guilty ones,—incomparably the better and the richer that Hawthorne lived and wrote. And, if sometimes he leaves us in a wilderness of guesses because of his unanswered questions about sin, they are questions and guesses inspired not by speculations of his own, but by the eternal puzzles solvable alone by God.

OLD MINSTRELSY.

TWENTY years ago, a very learned student and a most devoted admirer of Minstrelsy published a catalogue of all ballad poetry published since 1612. The list comprises ninety-one collections, and is a curiosity. "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy," begins, and "Old Ballads from early printed Copies of the utmost Rarity," ends the remarkable catalogue. In one or another of these ninety-one collections can be found any of the old ballads sung any where in England, Scotland or Ireland within the last three centuries. This list is a catalogue of a once honorable and important, but now forgotten and neglected department of English literature. We appear as the advocates of this old poetry. It has been instructive and interesting, guided by this list, to read from some of the collections of the poetry of our great-grandfathers.

It is impossible to read very far before forming some decided opinion in favor of, or against, old minstrelsy. One will either be won over by the pathos and naturalness and simple beauty displayed, or very early prejudiced against it, by its quaint and undignified style. Less than half a dozen of these old ballads will bear out whatever statements may be made, or furnish ample proofs of the incorrectness of our premises and of the unsoundness of our conclusions. To attest the good faith of any or all of our assertions, we would refer to "The Young Tamlane," a ballad that has been sung in Scotland for more than four hundred years, to "Thomas the Rhymer," and to "Fair Annie of Lochroyan." Without attempting to traverse and examine so broad and so hard a field as Old Minstrelsy, we would humbly point to a few of its beauties that lie nearest the path, and are most easily within the notice of everyday readers.

People seem to have lost interest in old-fashioned poetry. They have thrown it aside as they have many another old institution. Perhaps this last statement should

be qualified. Balladry is not without its admirers; a few staunch supporters, scholars of the old school, who appreciate pathos and quiet humor, who have not gotten above taking a keen interest in stirring poetical narratives, and who do their best to have others appreciate them. But individual efforts have been vain. The world still thinks and cares very little about old minstrelsy.

To determine the exact position of balladry in its palmyest days is not a difficult matter; nor to discern what right it had to hold for so long a time, several centuries at least, such an important place, an impossibility. Those old bards had a remarkably easy and rapid way of getting through their poetry. They fairly galloped across the pages. Witness "The Young Tamlane." This old poem is said to be centuries old now, and, for two hundred years, to have been sung in every valley and on every hill in the north of Scotland; and yet in its smooth, lively movement it does not compare unfavorably with the liveliest measures of John Milton. But this liveliness of movement is a physical beauty, an excellence merely in mechanical construction. Notice the higher qualities of old minstrelsy, the qualities to which it owes its chief beauty and its greatest power.

Just as oftentimes the sweetest and most attractive singing is the effort of persons who lay no claim to any very thorough and critical knowledge of music, but who, careless of rules, sing naturally and feelingly; and just as such singing it needs no study to appreciate, but is as sweet and as effective in the hay-field from the lips of a country girl as in a drawing-room from the lungs of a prima donna; so old minstrelsy, the music of poets not gifted with voices of any extraordinary timbre or flexibility, who never attempt upper G or lower C, but who are possessed of sweet voices, and who use them tastefully and naturally, is the poetry of nature, and by its pathos touches the hearts of rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, alike. Pathos is truly the most prominent element of this old poetry—an element said to be neglected by the best, and a quality beyond the poorer English poets. It is a qual-

ity that deteriorates so easily. The tragic love ballads of English, Scotch and Irish minstrelsy, are full of this element, pure and effective; but it is impossible to pick out a stanza or two from even the best ballads, and to say with any satisfaction, "here is a capital example of pathos, taken from one of the best examples in all minstrelsy." Oftentimes this beauty is dependent upon the narrative, and then to detach a few lines from the whole is ridiculous; moreover, it is something too pure and modest to be subjected to such trials. Rather than take any such responsibility, we would refer the reader to "The Dæmon Lover," or to "Thomas the Rhymer."

Old minstrelsy is remarkable for its wierdness and solemn impressiveness, and these it is pertinent to notice just here. We have a remarkable example of the combination of these qualities in a single poem, a Scotch dirge, as old as Scotch balladry. A few lines will show, better than description, the remarkable character and impressiveness of the poetry :

This ae nighte, this ae nighté
Every night and alle
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte
And Christe receive thye saule.

Even if nothing at all were known of this ballad, it would not be so very difficult, we imagine, to write its history. With a little thought a reader could see that the occasion of its being sung must have been an extraordinary one. It would be almost natural, judging from its monotony and mournfulness, to suppose that it was a chant over the dead, or at some equally solemn occasion. We imagine that, after carefully reading the whole of this poem, a thoughtful man could, with scarcely a hint, picture just such a scene as was enacted during the chanting of the "Brigg O'Dread;" that he could picture the darkened room, the body of the dead man, and could see the intensely excited mourners and hear their doleful chanting. We believe that an intelligent reader might, with very little aid, picture all these surroundings, such is the

wildness and unnatural excitement. This seemingly meaningless selection from Irish minstrelsy most certainly has a remarkable way of fastening itself upon the mind of a person who has once read it of making a deep and lasting impression.

Then there is that very large number of ballads that involve the history—or tradition—of Robin Hood. These are important, if for no other reason, because they have either presented or preserved to the English nation such a manly type of English character; a man brave, shrewd, generous, honorable, as ready to acknowledge the superiority of a foeman as to declare and celebrate his own victories. Robin Hood, in old minstrelsy, is a model Englishman of a few hundred years ago. The description of him in the old poetry is a painting which, if not real to-day, is at least a faithful portrait of the Saxon ideal Englishman. Touch the picture a little, change the scene from the forest of Sherwood to Liverpool or London, instead of the suit of forest green paint a garb a little more common-place and every-day, repaint this or that part of the canvas that has become antiquated, and the picture becomes the portrait of the ideal Englishman of to-day.

It is difficult to explain why such a large and, at one time, such an important element in poetry, and that had so many real merits, should drop so completely out of the list. Perhaps we are exaggerating the evil. Old minstrelsy—we mean that style of poetry—may revive. We remember that Shakspeare, whose reputation is now so firmly fixed as to be sure of as lasting fame as anything human, had been dead scarcely fifty years when he was spoken of by Dryden as having become a “little obsolete;” that one hundred and fifty years after his death, Lord Shaftesbury spoke of “the rude, unsophisticated style and the antiquated phrase and wit of the dramatist.”

Would it not be well for those of us who aspire to any considerable position in poetry, and who are groping in the dark, trying vainly to pick up the thread dropped by the great English bards somewhere within the last century and a half, to go back to the very origin, and search

earnestly there? Ought we not to cease writing indistinct, unintelligible, pretentious poetry, and begin to write, as our forefathers wrote, poetical narrative, most natural and interesting? Old minstrelsy is forgotten, but not destroyed. It has been laid aside for a time, together with all its naturalness, beauty and pathos; but there are jewels that lose none of their lustre through age. They will not always lie in obscurity. It has been the custom of the world to overhaul, every century or two, its literary store-room. The day of old minstrelsy will come. It will be lifted from its resting-place, the dust that covers it will be blown away, and its gems will sparkle with all their former lustre, brighter perhaps from being so long forgotten.

E. R. D.

SYLVESTER JUDD'S MARGARET.

“ 'Tis enough that I look
On the author of ‘Margaret,’ the first Yankee book
With the *soul* of Down East in’t, and things farther East,
As far as the threshold of morning, at least,
Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,
Of the day that comes slowly to make all things new.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NEW ENGLAND, immediately after the Revolutionary War, was in a sad and unsettled state. There were, of course, the consequent evils of war. There was a general state of shiftlessness. The only comforts and consolations seemed to be interminable theological discussions and the rum-bottle. In the words of Wilson, the ornithologist, “everywhere I found school-houses ruinous and deserted; the taverns dirty and filled with loungers brawling about politics and law-suits; the people idle and lazy.” New and startling ideas were coming into vogue. Unitarianism was spreading to the alarm of the Orthodox. The Sabbath was not so rigidly observed. Camp-meetings were becoming too numerous. The times were those of transition. This was Mediæval America.

Yet in that gross and materialistic age, even in the souls of the most practical and stern, there lurked a love for the beautiful and the ideal. It has often been brought up against the New Englander that he has no taste for beauty of any nature. The Pilgrims, to be sure, were formal in dress, severe in speech. They took no delight in literature, painting or music. Beauty was always sacrificed to utility. (This is still seen in the daily life of New England villages. The square box houses, with the straight narrow path leading up to the door,—the ugly yet expensive furniture of the best room,—the sacrificing of shade-trees for tar sidewalks—all these show the natural taste of the bigoted and conceited Yankee.) Yet love for the beautiful, even before the Revolutionary War, sometimes cropped out in most unexpected places. In the old sermons of Salem ministers we find passages of rare pathos, side by side with instances of rare and unconscious humor. This love and pathos, of which Religion always was the prime mover, is found at its height in Jonathan Edwards' mystical praise of Sarah Pierrepont, and the same Edwards declared that "a sense of ideal beauty, truth and goodness, belongs to our original nature, and that man is not himself until he supremely loves the beautiful, true and good." Thus have the New Englanders connected imagination with matter-of-fact prose, and "idealized common life."

This strange, unsettled state of New England, with all its strange inconsistencies, is best set forth in "*Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal; of the Blight and Bloom.*" Its author, Sylvester Judd, was a graduate of Yale, a man of rare learning and unsullied soul. He became disgusted with Congregationalism as seen at Yale and abroad, and became a Unitarian. He passed his life quietly as a preacher, writing a few novels, and died as peacefully as he had lived.

His best known book, "*Margaret,*" is intended, as Dr. Peabody expresses it, to show the sufficiency of every mind to itself; thus implying that every human soul can solve for itself the problem of existence, and form its own idea of God.

It tells of the life of an adopted child, who lived in a rude section of Massachusetts, about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Her friends were the drunken Pluck, his stolid wife, her coarse and savage brother Hash, her vagabond protector Nimrod, her at-times seemingly cold and indifferent brother Chilion, and an old pedantic Schoolmaster, who was thoroughly imbued with French philosophy of the period.

Margaret was brought up without any religious instruction, never hearing divine names save in drunken curses. Her religion was belief in a tree, a landscape, a snow-flake, the sound of one's voice. She was an animal with the animals. The ant was her familiar friend; the she-bear her nurse and mother. She could have said with Whitman,—

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-
contain'd ;
They do not sweat and whine about their condition ;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins ;
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning
things ;
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth ;"

and the Bowery Transcendentalist sang her creed when he chanted,—

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the
wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

The descriptions of the childhood of Margaret, her thoughts, walks and daily occupations, are most fascinating and real. While she was in this animal condition, the old schoolmaster took her in hand and, by degrees, began to educate her, studiously avoiding religious topics. So, scorned by the religious people of the village, Margaret grew up, "a clear-eyed, deep-breasted, straight-

limbed woman." By chance a young minister, Evelyn, meets her. The two hold strange conversations. At this point Judd seems to lose all control of language. Margaret, the simple girl who has previously, in the book, spoken in the plainest language, now talks most metaphysically and unintelligibly. Evelyn finally converts her, or, rather, she transfers her love for Nature to the Cause of nature.

After this conversion of Margaret, trials come upon her. She gets into trouble with the straight-laced villagers, and is almost an outlaw. At a drunken Bee, her musical and mystical foster-brother Chilion kills a neighbor who was insulting her. Chilion is condemned to death, and here Judd takes the opportunity of preaching a sermon against capital punishment. After the death of Chilion, Margaret goes to Boston and becomes the wife of Evelyn. They return to the little town and form a sort of a community, where religion is the motor, rum is banished, the militia is disbanded, and Paradise is once more gained.

The *Novel of Purpose* is generally dull and short-lived. When an author deliberately sits down to write a book against an abuse or to propagate a creed, he is rarely successful. Now Judd wrote this novel for the purpose of showing the evils of intemperance, the weakness of Orthodoxy, and, as I have before said, the sufficiency of a soul to itself. Why, then, has he been called the writer of the *Only American Novel*?

The genius of Judd evidently lies in description, and in him the varied scenery of New England has found its truest painter. Not even Emerson's famous "Announced by all the trumpets of the sky," can be compared to Judd's noble and Flemish description of the snow-storm. We also see the hand of a master in the gorgeous word-painting, of the forests, the tornado, the wild scene at the Still at midnight, the frenzied camp-meeting, the prison scene, the burning of the village.

"Margaret" is also noticeable for its being, that rare thing, an American book. In no other book (save in Em-

erson's works, and in "Leaves of Grass") do we find such a democratic spirit. Nothing, according to Judd, is common or unclean..

The book, from its wealth of allusions to by-gone customs and beliefs, is invaluable to the future historian of that strange and unreal period.

The faults of this novel are many. The language is often so inflated and grotesque as to become unintelligible. The free-thinking Schoolmaster seems curiously out of place and time. The plot is poorly constructed, and after the death of Chilion the story drags. The pure child Margaret, the friend of the bear, is dearer to us than Margaret the Sunday-school teacher.

But, going over the book, reading again the descriptions, watching the development of Margaret, we forget the strange and involved language, the unnatural and incomprehensible dialogues. We cannot but admire the vividness with which the drunken family of squatters is portrayed; we see at the present day ministers and deacons of the same nature as that which the enemies of Margaret enjoyed; but the chief actor, dominating the rest, must always be Chilion: the cold but passionate lover,—the musician of wild rhapsodies,—who, among the rum-soaked herd of farmers, trappers, ministers and deacons, moves like the inhabitant of another world, and who dies "the victim of the struggle between the Old and the New."

P. H.

BY WHAT IT BEARS.

'Tis neither form nor fashion, flower nor leaf,
That judgments most are based upon,
The full ripe fruit will ever be the best
Criterion.

We judge all men by what they are,
And not by what they might have been,
We blame the loser most because he lost
With power to win.

I care not though your creed be beautiful,
And perfect as a man could frame ;
Your life is what men see, and that will bring
Glory or shame.

Ah, do you think that that you can get to heaven
By penance, fasts, and lengthy prayers?
I tell you, friend, you'll find the tree is judged
By what it bears.



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WERE all to write their own memoirs, quite a reformation would be exerted in this branch of literature. Instead of a ponderous concatenation of facts as to the birth, education, manhood, morality and success, enlivened, perhaps, by an occasional mistake which casts a sombre shade over his "otherwise brilliant career;" in place of the eminently dull style and formulated periods, greater variety and originality of expression might result. Biography would be refreshing with the conceits of the author, with the exaggerations of his talents and conquests, or it might be interesting as a compendium of abjectness and melancholy ; under the new system, however, a gauge would be necessary to discriminate between the true and false, since comparatively few could resist the temptation of modifying their defeats and embellish-

ing their victories. So that where a few like Benjamin Franklin would be scrupulously faithful, more would partake of the vanities exhibited in "The Life of Beuvenuto Cellini," a work which has been pronounced the most perfect piece of autobiography ever written, and of unquestionable veracity. It certainly holds the attention better than the majority of novels, and is much more amusing than the general run of books intended to be funny. Though it savors strongly of fiction, this may be accounted for by the period during which it was written, and by his remarkable experiences at the French and Roman courts. Perhaps, too, the 15th century produced men capable of more wondrous deeds than any period since, but the most liberal allowance and skillful explanations fail to remove from this tale the air of improbability which characterizes certain portions. In fact, Cellini seems to belong properly to Don Quixote and Gil Blas—less crazy than the former, a trifle more moral than the latter. But Cellini was a genuine Florentine artist, whose rapid progress in every branch which the business of goldsmith then covered is the first thing to surprise the reader. Two years of labor at designing enabled him to rival the most experienced journeyman. Pontifical buttons and Cardinal seals succumbed alike to his gigantic intellect, and a few years sufficed to compare his executions with those of Michael Angelo himself. Such genius can readily be imagined, and the ability of the artist is, of course, well established. Moreover, the resurrection of the fine arts at that time gave a strong impulse to genius by the magnificent spectacles, the illustrious examples and the certainty of reward. His artistic performances, then, even to the casting of the bronze statue of Perseus for the square of Florence, are beyond question, nor is his fierce, combustible temperament at all surprising for those days; but the facility with which he extricated himself and others from difficulties of every kind is rather perplexing in a man of unquestionable veracity. One or two brief incidents may bring out the idea. On one occasion, he says, "some of my jealous rivals insulted

me. I attacked a dozen of them, armed with all manner of weapons, and rushing among them like a mad bull, threw down four or five, now aiming my dagger at one and now at another, without, however, doing any material injury."

This reminds us of Washington Irving's battle between the squatters and Dutchmen, who fought ferociously for something like two days, when he casually mentions that no one was hurt. It is not so difficult to believe that Cellini was harmless, but what must we think of those twelve men who were annihilated without being injured in the slightest degree? At another time when the Duke of Bourbon laid siege to Rome, our hero mounted the walls, and at such a distance that it was impossible to distinguish whether he was on horseback or on foot, singled out his man and picked him off, and afterward discovered that it was the Duke of Bourbon. Many other achievements he made in a military line, and if we believe him, was never overcome in a fair fight either by superiority of skill or numbers. No man ever insulted him without expiating his offense by sudden death. His brother's murderer he hunted down like a bloodhound. These little *melées* of Beuvenuto, the man of honor, sandwiched in between the self-praises of Cellini the sculptor and artist, make the book highly entertaining, and the total absence of modesty is amusing instead of disgusting. The author was also susceptible to the tender passion, and in this connection is told a tale of love in which Beuvenuto cures a lovely maiden of insanity by fighting a duel in her presence and thus awakening in her the memory of days gone by. Now, although his antagonist was a Goliath in every respect, this little David steps up with a business-like air and ultimately lays his enemy prostrate. Of course, he weds the recovered damsel. All this chivalry and knight errantry makes up a charming narrative capable of being enjoyed by all, of originality the highest type, and just enough of inaccuracy to satisfy the American appetite.

O. T. B.

DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.*

The Execution of Charles I. Compared with that of Louis XVI.

BY HENRY STRONG GULLIVER, NORWICH, CONN.

CHARLES I. and Louis XVI. were the crowned victims of two great revolutions. They alone among all monarchs have been by their subjects tried and executed under the forms of law. No Brutus, no Locusta, was the agent of death. By a published sentence, in broad daylight, before intently gazing thousands, was the head of each brought to the block. In both countries the great body of the people, the majority of the legislature, were opposed to the deed. It was accomplished in each case by a small, fanatical, overbearing minority, backed by force of arms. Yet in both England and France the regicide was followed by a period unexampled for world-wide glory and domestic tyranny under two of the most remarkable military leaders that the world has ever seen. In both, ere long, the dethroned dynasty was restored. But how unlike were those restorations! One, by the nation's tranquil, unforced acquiescence; the other, at the point of foreign bayonets. The similarity between these two executions is merely superficial. The causes and the results, the characters of the two kings, the motives and aims of their condemners, were all radically different.

The English Revolution was essentially conservative; the French, destructive. The former was undertaken to preserve from the encroachments of royal absolutism the privileges of Parliament; the latter, to obtain universal equality by the overthrow of feudalism. The object of the one was to defend, of the other to achieve, popular participation in the government. The Third Estate in

* The prize was divided between C. T. Chester and H. S. Gulliver.

1789 were eager for any political change that would rid them from the galling yoke of the privileged classes. Had Louis possessed the genius and daring to lead the nation in its attack on the nobility, in the opinion of Mirabeau, that far-seeing statesman, he might, like Frederick III. of Denmark, have gained for himself increased power and established his throne firmly upon the ruins of the feudal system. He sought, on the other hand, to stem the tide of innovation, to prop the tottering noblesse, and perished. The Long Parliament, however, led by Pym and Hampden, were sincerely devoted to the ancient form of government by king, lords and commons. They loyally strove to save the fundamental liberties of the realm from Strafford's "thorough" despotism. Not until Charles' audacious attempt to seize the five members had shown his contempt for all legal restraints and his overt hostility to the freedom, if not the existence, of the commons, did they reluctantly resort to the sword. Finally, after years of civil strife, those who have been reckoned his bitterest enemies were negotiating with him, their prisoner, for his restoration. But he was still planning at the first convenient opportunity to put a halter round their necks. That this opportunity might never come, they beheaded him.

Louis, also, was but one, the principal one, among many immolated on the altar of so-called liberty. Charles's execution was in striking contrast to a general rule of merciful dealing, and hence its greater apparent enormity. The one event was symptomatic; the other, exceptional. While the British movement was cautious, tentative, yet deep and earnest, the Gallic was fiery, cruel, blind. The violence of the reaction, it has been well said, was proportioned to the severity of the preceding tyranny. England had been misgoverned nearly forty years; France, nearly two hundred. The seeds which bore fruit in '89 were sown by Louis XIV. His selfish ambition for European hegemony as well as for ostentatious luxury at home, entailed upon his unfortunate subjects exhausting wars and ruinous taxation. His successor

caused affairs to go from bad to worse. Madame Pompadour and the Parc aux cerfs indicate only a part of his reign's disgrace. The nobility became more selfish, more rotten, squandering in a few weeks at Paris or Versailles the hard-earned rents wrung from the wretched peasantry. Of this wretchedness we can form but a faint conception. Their food gruel, with a little lard, having no meat for months together, what marvel that these poor metayers were ripe for revolt? In civilization and comfort far inferior to the English under Charles I, of rights they had none worth the name. In France the very foundations of society were hopelessly undermined. The Revolution there was both social and political; in England, almost entirely the latter. The corruption of James I's court shocked rather than debased his sturdy British subjects. English life was in the main healthful and vigorous, so that the convulsion there was comparatively superficial.

Neither execution, I claim, was justifiable, even on grounds of political expediency. That question, however, is too broad to be discussed here in detail. Yet the institutional and the centralizing tendencies of the two peoples are clearly shown even in this revolutionary procedure. The Rump, with all their usurpation of power, created a "high court of justice for the trying and judging of Charles Stuart." They dared not assume to themselves judicial functions as did the French Convention.

Notice, too, how characteristic were the illegal methods adopted to override the majority which in both Parliament and Convention opposed a capital punishment. On that memorable morning of Dec. 6, Col. Pride's troopers, with swords drawn and matches lighted, line the approaches to Westminster. The obnoxious Presbyterian members, as they come up to the door, are prevented from entering and led away under arrest. A more coolly atrocious coup d'état can hardly be found on record. Here is military despotism in its worst shape. Yet no tumult disturbs the peace of London. All bow to the dominant power, the power of the soldiery.

Turn now to the French metropolis, one hundred and

forty-four years later. While Gironde and Montagne hotly contend for supremacy in the Convention, hunger and riot fill the city. The Parisian sections, that "terrible, tyrant-subduing portion of the sovereign people," are clamoring for the blood of the prisoner in the Temple as the author of the famine. One section declares itself in a state of perpetual insurrection. The one hundred and twenty cannon demanded by the sections and readily granted by Pache, the Jacobin minister of war, rumble through the streets. That worthy official has also been bribing systematically those five thousand poor peasant Fédérés, so that, instead of preserving order, these troops are now fraternizing with the rabble in the Place du Carrousel, even while the votes are taken on Louis' fate. The very galleries of the Convention have been crowded, all through the night of Jan. 16, by a motley armed throng of both sexes, smoking, drinking, blaspheming. Whenever a deputy votes from the rostrum for acquittal, they pour forth torrents of abuse and threatening. What wonder that the deputies move about that dimly-lighted hall with nervous tread? If Louis is acquitted, they can look forward to nothing save renewed massacres. Terror has seized upon all classes, so that during the last week of 1792 fourteen thousand have fled from Paris. Here, as in England, it was nothing more nor less than intimidation, steady and vigorous intimidation, that caused the king to be condemned. But Louis' execution was the triumph of ochlocracy; Charles's, of military rule. The mob killed Louis; the army, Charles.

What a contrast between these executioners, the Puritans and the Jacobins! Both were fanatics; but one party in religious austerity, the other in atheistic license. Those stern opposers of prelacy and arbitrary power thoroughly believed that now at last God had decreed the establishment of a government by the saints, and had delivered into their hands for punishment the author of all the recent oppression and bloodshed. They were deeply conscientious, however their consciences may have been misguided. Almost all the sect were of low birth,—dray-

men, brewers and tinkers; but they were godly, steadfast, brave men, who could turn to flight the most gallant chivalry of the age. The Parliament of the army was wiser than that at Westminster. Almost all their reforms the nation has subsequently adopted. They knew what they wanted in politics, and advanced to its achievement with a calm, fatalistic trust in the righteousness of their cause and in the divine interposition on their behalf.

The Jacobins were just the reverse of all this. Restless and dissolute, devotees of Rousseau, overthrowers of all authority, human or divine, they enthroned a harlot as their Goddess of Reason and made Paris a slaughter-house. Many of them expected to be hung as soon as any firm government was established. Strife and intrigue were their meat and drink. Their conscience was impulse; their law, destruction; massacre, their confession of faith. To courage, religion and decency, they were alike strangers.

What, now, of the royal sufferers themselves? Both were representative princes of their respective houses. The stolidity, the morbid temper, the submission to ecclesiastical dogmatism that characterize the Bourbons, all belonged to Louis. Charles was a true Stuart in his courtly manners, his passion for favorites, his lack of political sagacity. Both incapable of reading human nature, and sincerely, though narrowly, religious, they both remained obstinate when wise conciliation was imperatively demanded, and made concessions so tardily or ungraciously as to nullify their good effect. Yet, aside altogether from the hardships of the French king's confinement, upon which so much rhetoric has been expended, we cannot but feel far more pity for him than for his English predecessor. He paid the penalty for the misrule of others; Charles, almost exclusively for his own. No man in France more truly desired the welfare of the nation than Louis XVI. But his taste was as small as his capacity for government. "What, another memorial!" he would exclaim with a sigh, whenever Turgot opened his portfolio. He has been aptly compared to a

blind man continually afraid of stumbling, yet obliged to lead others. The maladies of the body politic were too chronic and virulent to be healed quickly or painlessly. The best plan for the restoration of good government must needs provoke violent opposition and criticism, and could succeed only through great patience and steadfastness. Louis possessed neither the wisdom to conceive nor the firmness to carry out such a plan. "Dip two ivory balls in oil," said his brother, "and hold them together; then may you keep the king to a steady course of action." The dignity and Christian patience that he displayed throughout his imprisonment and trial are no less creditable than well known. Had his lot only been cast in more peaceful times, he might have reigned prosperously, beloved, though not admired, and at length died quietly in his own downy bed at the Tuileries. But his hand was not strong nor steady enough to guide the ship of state through the storms of this unparalleled crisis.

While Louis was a weakling, Charles was a knave. He was a liar, the son of a liar. As to public business, there was no veracity in him. From the day on which he ascended the throne, his word pledged to two diametrically opposite courses, until Bradshaw pronounced upon him the sentence of death, in all his dealings with his Parliaments, especially the last, and throughout the prolonged negotiations with English Presbyterians, Scots and army, it was preëminently his habitual, inveterate duplicity which rendered every hope of accommodation illusory. However deeply indoctrinated with his father's despicable, underhand kingcraft, he might have learned from experience that honesty is the best policy. But no; he was incorrigible,—"not bent, but steeled by adversity." Obstinacy was one of his most prominent traits even in youth, and, as exemplified in his devotion to Anglicanism, largely caused the failure of his scheme for governing without Parliaments. A compliant temper about matters of religion, such as that displayed by his famous father-in-law, Henry of Navarre, would have stood him in far better stead. He might have regained his throne, had he

only been willing to yield on the question of church government to the Presbyterians. Unlike Louis, he had formed a definite, deliberate plan for establishing a tyranny, and, in spite of his short-sighted, uncompromising adherence to Episcopacy, almost accomplished his design. He underrated the might of his foes, and with foolish confidence was to the last sanguine of success. A few weeks before his death he declared, "I have three more cards to play, the worst of which will give me back everything." With all due regard to his personal humiliation before his Maker and to his virtues as a husband and father, without justifying in the least his deluded executioners, we must mingle in our sorrow for his untimely fate not a little indignation against the arbitrary, stubborn and treacherous Charles.

Most widely different were these executions in their results. Each was "a blunder as well as a crime." One aroused all Europe against aggressive republican France; the other made a stable English commonwealth impossible. In spite of Cromwell's desire to rule by law, in spite of his triumphs over Holland and Spain, this deed of blood was to England his unpardonable sin. This opened an impassable gulf between him, the greatest of her rulers, and a legalized throne. With Charles's death English monarchy did not die. The headsman held up to the crowd before Whitehall the lifeless features of him who was the heir of both Egbert and William the Conqueror, crying, "This is the head of a traitor." The response was a wail, so deep, hearty and universal that those who heard it could never forget it. "The most execrable murder since that of our blessed Saviour," was the irreverent dictum of heated partisanship, yet substantially the nation's verdict. Charles Stuart's memory, like his body, has remained embalmed even till our day. He has fairly been canonized as the royal martyr. A pitying sneer is the best tribute paid to Louis XVI. by most of his countrymen. The English were checked in their course toward democracy; the French, merely accelerated. Neither revolution was finished by the

king's execution or by the succeeding restoration. But to England the Bill of Rights secured the boon which Charles I. denied, sealing the denial with his blood,—a 'kingly republic,' the freest, firmest, best monarchy ever known. Unfortunate France still continues restless and chaotic. Neither 1830, 1848, nor 1870 has apparently brought her any nearer to a permanent settlement. When the descendant of sixty kings bowed beneath the guillotine in the Place de la Revolution, the old Bourbon monarchy expired with him. As his dripping head was raised to the view of the assembled multitude, "Vive la République" was the enthusiastic cry. The situation of the French Marat epigrammatically expressed,—“We have burned our ships behind us.” Return *was* an impossibility. By this execution the nation cut loose from the traditions of eight centuries and embarked recklessly without chart or pilot upon the untried sea of popular government. Yet the only realization of all their rainbow ideals of liberty has been an elective despotism, with its hollow gorgeousness, ending in Waterloo and Sedan.



A DISCOURSE ON GHOSTS.

NEARLY the only relic left us of old-time superstition is a faint attachment to ghosts. The imaginative element in our composition, that will not be content without something beyond the daily routine of Nature, is indeed “cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d” by advanced civilization. In days when Dr. Arnold tells us that all the earth is now known to man and that no new thing in the way of discovery need be looked for under the sun, the realm of the supernatural is small. We search the seas in vain for the abodes of the strange peoples of whom Homer speaks; we know that the noble and wonderful nations that are said to have made the interior of Africa an earthly

Paradise, are certainly not there now ; no knights-errants of our day seek romantic adventure, like Charlemagne's paladins, in the heart of Asia. The spirit-world is our only *terra ignota* ; and even this we are forbidden to people as we could. Down with ghosts ! "The obstacles in life do not walk on the wind, but have two legs or four. The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch." But the ghosts are not all laid yet. The strong but indescribable longing that draws us to the haunted house is almost as common as ever ; and occasionally we meet with those that still love to yield themselves to the strange thrill of supernatural romance. It is not yet forbidden to discuss the subject with a present interest.

Our conception of a ghost is something that we may fairly claim as peculiar to ourselves. The nations of antiquity had no real ghosts. The minds that put together that mass of marvels, the "Arabian Nights," could not grasp the subtle idea. The genie whose grisly shape frightened Aladdin's mother, and the graceless being that the wretched fisherman found in the bottle of smoke, were but interesting animals, whom a naturalist might delight to study ; but do not call such unromantic beings supernatural. They could not appear to men's view except in the wrappings of flesh ; the minds that imagined them were not refined enough to conceive of a disembodied spirit. We find a far nearer approach to the true conception in the poems of Athens and Rome. When we read, in that finest book of Virgil's epic, how Æneas in mad grief sought his lost wife among the flames and ruins of Troy, and how in the darkness there suddenly appeared to him the shade of her whom he sought, we feel how near the approach is. There is much of that feeling of utter yet indefinable sensation of separation between the two that marks the ghost of our day. The descent of Odysseus to Hades is vivid and terrible. Yet how immeasurably below the level of later idea ! As the Greeks would not degrade their tragedy by portraying the work-

ings of so mean a passion as love, so the ghost may not be animated by any but the most awful of motives. When the shadowy Creusa in tender accents addresses to her husband words of pitiful consolation and cheer, we know her for one that had no sufficient reason for

"Revisting thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."

When Odysseus penetrates to the very abode of the ghosts, they are true ghosts no longer; when they drink up the blood and utter infernal shrieks and cries, we are strongly repelled, but the fascination is forever gone. Where in such writers shall we find a tale so awful and grand as the Biblical story of Samuel's ghost that appeared at En-dor? For this story, old as it is, is truly modern in its ghostly element. The Greeks made their future world too near this one. The undiscovered country whence our ghosts come is afar off. Their dwelling and their path are beyond mortal ken; their actions show knowledge of a mystery that they cannot impart to dwellers in the flesh. The intensity of their feeling leaves them no trace of sympathy for the trivialities of earthly life; the midnight hour and all the surroundings of horror and darkness are their choice. The one purpose for which they have broken their eternal rest is ever with them.

The tendency of modern ideas has prevented the ghost from playing an important part in fields of literature. There are tales of supernatural experience, such as the "Strange Story," that we read with the same feeling of indulgence which we would accord to a well-written fairy tale. Fortunately the spirit of the age is against ghosts; for the idea, if not checked, would soon be overstrained. Walter Scott dared not introduce the White Lady of Avenel without a prefatory apology for her existence. Yet the ghost is fitted to play a great part in tragic story. He is the most perfect symbol of tireless, unwavering determination. But one purpose animates him, and till his monomania be satisfied, he will not rest. The implacable

Fate, the divine Nemesis, whose workings the Greeks loved to dwell upon, finds a visible presence in the ghost. It has been well said that in "Hamlet" the shade of the old Dane is the only determined actor; it is he that marks out the plot, and while the others are loitering and demurring, he turns not a hair's breadth from his path, but urges relentlessly the spirit of his son. The part that the ghost here performs is filled out in other writers by human actors. If George Eliot had written in more superstitious times, the supernatural element would have appeared in her plots; and in Hawthorne all notice his love for trifling with the ghostly, though not daring to yield fully. Both of these have drawn characters that fill the same part as Hamlet's father. Baldassarre, in "Romola," crazed old man as he is, is the type of a being filled with a burning and overruling purpose; and in "Roger Chillingworth, in the "Scarlet Letter," we see the character still more strongly marked.

But these ideas are the mere possibilities of the case. In the practical and philosophical days of the present, we must dismiss them as hopelessly imaginative. Every fancy has its day, and the

"stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,"

must be put away in the corner where we have already thrown the fairies, the giants and the divinities of a pagan mythology.

DELUSIONS.

WE are all, doubtless, acquainted with that oft-quoted remark of some rather indefinite young lady, who said: "What perfectly *elegant* times those college fellows must have, with nothing to do but sit on the fence and sing such lovely songs!" Her idea of college life may be very natural, viewed from her narrow standpoint of observation, and gained from such limited experience; but it is just about as imaginary as were our early ideas of heaven, viewed from a standpoint equally narrow, and gained from an experience just as limited as hers, to the effect that the angels did nothing but sit in white robes and play upon harps. She judged by appearances, a very uncertain basis, particularly in estimating college men; our opinion was formed from a too literal interpretation of certain highly figurative language in Sabbath-school books, which is also a somewhat dubious basis upon which to form an opinion. I heard a student at class-supper a year ago give utterance to a sentiment which I have no doubt came from the very bottom of his soul, and it touched a responsive chord in the mind of every one who heard it. "This," says he, "is what I call the ideal college life." It may be a strange perversion of words to say, that the very moment that releases us from college duties is the moment that realizes an ideal of college life; but it is a fact that a long siege at annuals gives a man a great distaste for the real, and a keen perception of something which he would like to substitute for it. Sitting on the fence beneath the elms and singing college songs, is the ideal college life of an indefinite young lady; feasting in some neighboring city, with class histories and toasts and champagne and a jolly band of classmates, corresponds to my friend's idea of what college life should be; wasting the midnight oil over Analytics and Lucretius, is the reality which would break the young lady's heart, and which causes my friend to break the third commandment.

The first term in college is responsible for more disappointed hopes than all the years that have preceded or may follow. "Dear old Yale" looks so pleasant a good ways off! The boy in preparatory school sees nothing but a high fence, in the shape of entrance examinations, that keeps him from a paradise. Behind and above it he sees our noble elms towering toward heaven, he hears strains of music that sound little short of divinely to him, he hears of university ball nines and college oarsmen, of banger-rushes and peanut bums, of "South Middle windows" and new boat-houses, new chapels and Peabody museums. He hears of Townsend prizes and Woolsey scholarships, to be had for the asking. But no still small voice whispers in his ear of morning prayers. No kind divinity draws the curtain and shows to his wondering eyes the patient Freshman studying his lesson, or the wild Sophomore, tamed by work, performing his task without the romantic assistance of "torch and mask."

What a satire there is now in the words of that familiar song. There is real romance in the ideal picture. Underground passages and dens of torture, telling dread tales of the horrors of initiation, with masked Sophomores sitting in judgment under the fitful light of flickering torches. But the reality—bah! Those halls of infamy are closed by the stern visitation of retributive justice, the torch is already extinguished, already the mask is moulding with disuse, and the student feels proud to even "lift" a sign from the back door of a restaurant and adorn his room with such mocking trophies. But the aspirant for collegiate honors, who is already knocking for admission, knows nothing of these changes. And we shall not tell him; but in the fall, along with the gentle pattering of the "Freshman rain," there will come to him a full knowledge of the depth of the delusion under which he was laboring. One by one his castles will fade in the all-pervading fog that welcomes him, one by one his hopes will wither, as our castles faded, as our hopes drooped, when the ideal gave way to the real.

Perhaps this picture is overdrawn, but it certainly

makes a great difference in one's ideas of college life whether he views it from the outside or the inside. We read in the papers that "singing on the fence is growing popular again as the evenings become pleasanter," but there is no record of the fact that Perkins was obliged to sit up until one o'clock next morning in order to get his lesson, because he had spent the golden hours of the early evening in this popular amusement. We hear that "the regatta at Saltonstall was a complete success," but where on the pages of college history is narrated the self-denying heroism of the man who stayed at home and wrote his composition? Now the outside world, which gets its college news from the college press, knows nothing about these inside matters. We cannot do our studying on the fence, nor can we write our compositions at Saltonstall, but because we are not seen studying, but are seen at play, it is at once supposed that we play all the time. The paper reports a joke which was cracked in recitation room and everybody imagines that cracking jokes is all we do there—shocking delusion! Why, a fellow cannot go home on vacation, looking at all healthy, but he is congratulated on having an easy time, and to hum a college song is to put one's self on the Glee Club, which does nothing but make trips over the country after necessary lucre to build a boat-house. The fondest mother is she whose son comes home from college pale and "intellectual looking," and what a thrill of pride she feels, even in her anxiety for his health, to hear some one say, "Don't you think Georgie is studying too hard down at Yale?" It is useless trying to compete with these fellows who are better qualified by nature than we are to gain a mother's affections, but if we could tear down the fence, burn up the boat-house, call in our ball nine and glee club, we could, I think, in time get up a reputation in the world at large for being studious students. We are here, drinking deep at the fountain of learning by a process as exhausting as the working of an old-fashioned fire engine; we have the reputation of drinking deeper at other fountains with all the conveniences of a modern steamer. We live the

most sober, most temperate and most moral lives of any collection of young men in this wide and wicked world; but people who never saw a college, and some who have, imagine we are a set of howling savages, who were wont to get together on Friday nights in the mystic halls of Sophomore societies, and rival the orgies of a Bacchic festival; and they now extend their pious hands, innocent of even a suspicion of guile, to dear mother Yale, with congratulations for her delivery from these "hot-beds of vice."

It is hardly worth while to try and free all these persons from their delusions. Some of them are very useful in keeping our number of students up to its present standard (such a delusion as that is worth something), and others are useful in keeping our guardians on the alert to nip in the bud anything that threatens to "breed a moral pestilence;" but still we cannot help being sorry that so many people will persist in being deceived. It is a pity that the young lady is forbidden to become a college student, and find out for herself how "elegant" it is; that we cannot go to heaven and prove the truth or untruth of our early fancies; that the coming student cannot be caught on a picket of that fence he so longs to leap over, and by a slight wound to pride save himself many disappointments; that we cannot take the valedictory and go home and die from the effects of hard study and please our mothers and friends; and that those skeptics in regard to college work and college morals cannot be made to bear our burdens and receive the moral instruction which we receive. There would be a wonderful change in public sentiment if the inner machinery of college life could be exposed to sight. We couldn't be idle if we would, with all this burden of study urging us on. We couldn't be immoral if naturally inclined that way, in the face of such daily warnings and such noble examples as are held up to our sight. And why won't people outside believe it? c.

C.F. Chapin '77

NOTABILIA.

THE Faculty struck a decisive blow in abolishing Sophomore Societies. These organizations and their predecessors never enjoyed any savory reputation with any but their own members. The tradition is current that Sigma Phi was abolished on account of the midnight orgies which characterized their meetings. As Freshmen we were told that Sophomore societies amounted to nothing; that the time spent there was thrown away in wild dissipation. A chance meeting with a former member of Alpha Sigma Phi afforded an opportunity to make inquiry as to the truth of these alleged exercises. He said,—and he is now one of our most respected jurists,—“In our year we had a very pleasant time; and as far as I can remember, the tendency of the society was beneficial. The only complaint made against us was, that the singing disturbed the neighbors.” Similar testimony will be given by any graduate of Theta Psi or Beta Xi.

From time to time disturbances have arisen in connection with the societies which have called for Faculty action; and there is a class of graduates who have systematically urged the Faculty to abolish them, as being “hot beds of immorality.” In this way they have been a source of excitement to the college world, and an annoyance to the Faculty. But now they are disposed of. From the next Sophomore class we may expect the utmost decorum. Bonfires, violation of tutor's rooms, breaking windows, meddling with the college bell, and bacchanalian singing will be unknown; for were not all these outrages plotted in the society halls? Because more disturbance happened on Friday night than on any other, and because Sophomore societies met on that night, college opinion could not resist the conclusion, that the societies were the disturbers. The coming year will, perhaps, throw some light on the subject. The literary societies will have a chance to demonstrate their excellence, and to show their restraining influence over the class. Many of the best

men of classes gone by have joined these societies, and we have yet to hear one of them regret it. They feel the action of the Faculty more keenly than those who have just left the societies. They look back upon that experience as a great contrast to the monotony of Freshman year and the wearisome studies of the Sophomore year. They think of the hours when, unhampered by the constitution and by-laws of a debating society, they met to enjoy social intercourse, and to obtain innocent amusement.

We do not wish to criticise the Faculty. They doubtless did what they deemed right. We had hoped that they would carefully examine into the societies, to see if they could not be improved, and then maintained as useful accessories to a collegiate course.

What if the Faculty, instead of ignoring the existence of the societies, had visited them in a social way, and had taken pains to cultivate the acquaintance of the members, and to support the societies? Would not the results have been better for the societies and the college? The societies have done much to break down the exclusiveness of classes, by promoting acquaintance between Sophomores and upper classmen; but how much more might they have accomplished had they been countenanced by the presence of a few members of the Faculty.

In the smaller colleges, it is no uncommon sight to see several professors at a meeting of a secret society. They lay aside their authority and mingle with the students as they would with any gentlemen. It does not lessen their influence in the class-room, or in any way detract from their dignity, while it does insure pleasant relations and a sort of sympathy between the instructors and students.

But such a state of affairs is hardly to be expected here. At any rate, Sophomore societies will have nothing to do in bringing it about. Their untimely death is the failure of an experiment to promote social culture. We only fear that the good in them will be lost, while the bad will flourish unseen by the public eye.

The ignorance which exists among us in regard to the early history of the college, is deplorable. Governor Yale is quite familiar to us, since we see his portrait at least annually in Alumni Hall, and the LIT. introduces him monthly to our readers, with a part of the Latin verse which was formerly attached to the painting. Yet a student, having heard that the Governor was buried in Wrexham, asked ; "Is Wrexham in Connecticut?" And we are obliged to confess that we thought for a long time that the laboratory was originally the Governor's house. Last Commencement we learned nearly all there is to know about the first President of the college. Sufficient to say, in the words of Pres. Clap, that "He instructed and governed the infant college with general approbation, and composed a system of natural philosophy which the students recited for many years."

Rector Pierson lived at Killingworth, now called Clinton, and all college exercises, except Commencement, were held there during his life ; and, indeed, for some years after his death the Senior class was instructed there by the acting Rector, while the under-classes recited to two tutors at Saybrook.

Through the liberality of Mr. Charles Morgan, of New York, Killingworth has now memorials to designate it as the birthplace of Yale College. A large High School has been built, an ideal statue of Pres. Pierson erected, and a small library made up of books published by Yale Professors. There is also a statue of the donor. It is to be hoped that the excursion to Killingworth on the day of dedication will be patronized, that we may show our appreciation of Mr. Morgan's generosity, and gain much needed information in regard to the early history of the college from the addresses of ex-Pres. Woolsey and Pres. Porter.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Past Month,

Extending from May 17 to June 19, has been the redeeming part of the collegiate year. Beautiful weather, easy lessons, balls, races, ball games, have all been compressed into one short month, making the past and the future seem dull and stupid by contrast. The one dark sad spot on the fair prospect is the annual. Most of us feel glad at the approaching vacation, which adds to us the dignity of another collegiate year. Yet the Seniors, with only one more examination between them and their degrees, are traditionally miserable and contemplative. The bright scenes and joyous days of their Yale life are all past, and now begins for them the work and trials of the world. No wonder they are sad, but, like all great men, they bear up wonderfully under misfortune and deserve the admiration of all for their heroism. Not least of the excitements of this busy month, though felt by only two classes, was the abolition of

Sophomore Societies

By the Faculty. The wild revelry of that memorable Monday, and the apparently useless character of the literary and social evenings spent in the mystic halls of *Φ. Θ. Ψ.* and *Δ. Β. Ξ.*, were the cause of this misfortune to the university, for Law and Scientific as well as Academic students were the honorary members, the frequenters of bums.

The Athletic Games

On May 22d were well though not largely attended. There were other attractions which kept many from attending, and one of which, the ball game at Bridgeport, prevented some entrees for the races being made by members of the nine, who had expected to carry off a large number of prizes. The half-mile race was contested by D. Trumbull, '76 Ac., and C. H. Ferry, '72, Trumbull coming in first, making the very good time of two minutes and seven seconds. The three-mile race was won by Ward, '76 Law, who was the only one who stuck out through the race. The other contestants were A. H. Ely, '76, and D. H. Kellogg, '76 Ac., the latter of whom dropped out on account of lameness, resulting from a strain. The time was $19\frac{3}{4}$ minutes. Five entries

—D. Trumbull, '76; T. Peet, '77; R. Wurts, '78; W. C. Hall, '75 S. S. S.; J. H. Hammond, '76 S. S. S.—were made for the 100 yards race. It was a close and well run race, Trumbull winning in $10\frac{2}{3}$ seconds; Hall coming in second in $10\frac{7}{8}$ seconds. In the one-mile race W. J. Wakeman ran against time. The required time was 5.15, which was $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds better than that made by Wakeman. W. J. Wakeman, '76; E. L. Morse, '78; W. C. Hall, '75 S. S. S., entered for the 120 yards hurdle race. Wakeman won in 20 seconds. The one-mile walk was a close race between W. A. Durrie, '76; R. H. Johnston, '76 Law, and F. H. Willenborg, '75 Law. Johnston won in 8 min. $59\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The quarter-mile race was won by A. H. Ely; time, 1 min. $3\frac{1}{2}$ sec. W. C. Hall, '75 S. S. S., was the other contestant. The games were a success every way except financially, but they lack the excitement felt in

Base Ball Matters.

We are glad to say that probably the Harvard-Yale matches will take place, though not as many wished—at Saratoga. The first game will probably take place on Saturday, June 26, at Cambridge; the second game on Monday, June 28, at New Haven, and the third, if necessary, at Hartford, on July 1st or 2d. Quite a number of games have been played during the month, with various professional and amateur clubs, in most all of which the nine has played exceedingly well. On Saturday, May 22d, the nine played with the T. B's at Bridgeport. The game was finely played on both sides. The score was as follows:

T. B.					YALE.				
	O.	R.	1B.			O.	R.	1B.	
O'Rourke, c. f.,	3	0	1		Hotchkiss, c. f.,	4	1	1	
Buck, r. f.,	2	1	2		Morgan, 2 b.,	4	0	0	
Thomson, c.,	4	0	0		Knight, r. f.,	2	2	0	
Roseman, p.,	3	0	0		Avery, p.,	2	0	2	
Larkin, l. f.,	4	0	0		Bigelow, 3 b.,	2	1	1	
Ward, 3 b.,	2	2	0		Jones, 1 b.,	4	0	0	
Hacket, 2 b.,	4	0	0		Maxwell, c.,	2	1	2	
Snigg, 1 b.,	3	1	0		Smith, l. f.,	3	0	0	
Darrigan, s. s.,	2	2	2		Wheaton, s. s.,	4	0	0	
	27	6	5			27	5	6	
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
T. B.,	1	0	2	2	0	1	0	0	0—6
Yale,	1	1	0	2	0	1	0	1	1—5

Runs earned: T. B., one. 1st on errors: Yale, 3 times; T. B., 4 times. Struck out: Yale, 3; T. B., 12. Time of game: 2 hours. Umpire: W. C. Dole, Jr.

The Wednesday following, the nine visited Princeton and played a winning game. The score was as follows:

YALE.					PRINCETON.				
	R.	O.	1B.			R.	O.	1B.	
Hotchkiss, c. f.,	2	0	2		Laughlin, s. s.,	0	3	0	
Morgan, c.,	3	7	3		Moffat, 2d b.,	0	1	0	
Knight, r. f.,	3	0	2		Walker, c. f.,	1	0	1	
Avery, p.,	2	0	2		Campbell, 1st b.,	0	14	0	
Bigelow, 3d b.,	2	0	1		Woods, 3d b.,	0	1	1	
Jones, 1st b.,	1	13	0		Branford, r. f.,	0	0	0	
Maxwell, 2d b.,	0	3	0		Marion, p.,	1	2	0	
Smith, l. f.,	1	4	1		Dennie, c.,	0	3	1	
Wheaton, s. s.,	0	0	0		Duffield, l. f.,	2	3	0	
	14	27	11			4	27	3	
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	5	0	0	0	5	2	2	0	0—14
Princeton,	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	0—4

Runs earned: Yale, 3. 1st base on errors: Yale, 10; Princeton, 5.
Time of game: 2 hours. Umpire: W. C. Dole, Jr.

The second game with Princeton took place on Saturday, May 29th. A great deal of interest was felt in both colleges in the game, though at Yale we felt rather confident of victory, owing to the score in the previous game. The pitching of Mann was evidently very difficult to hit, and, much to our disgust and Princeton's joy, the game closed with the score three to nothing:

PRINCETON.					YALE.				
	R.	1B.	E.	O.		R.	1B.	E.	O.
Moffat, 2 b.,	0	1	2	3	Hotchkiss, c. f.,	0	0	1	3
Laughlin, s. s.,	1	0	2	3	Morgan, r. f.,	0	0	0	4
Walker, c. f.,	0	1	0	4	Knight, 2 b.,	0	0	0	3
Campbell, 1 b.,	0	0	0	3	Avery, p.,	0	0	2	3
Woods, 3 b.,	0	0	1	4	Bigelow, 3 b.,	0	0	1	2
Kargé, r. f.,	0	2	0	3	Jones, 1 b.,	0	0	0	3
Mann, p.,	1	1	0	2	Maxwell, c.,	0	0	1	3
Dennie, c.,	1	2	3	2	Smith, l. f.,	0	0	0	3
Duffield, l. f.,	0	0	0	3	Wheaton, s. s.,	0	0	1	3
	3	7	8	27		0	0	6	27
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Princeton,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—3
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Struck out: Yale—Morgan, 1; Avery, 1. Princeton—Campbell, 2; Walker, 1; Kargé, 1; Laughlin, 1. Umpire: Dunning, Princeton Club. Scorer: W. S. Kenny. Time of game: 2 hours.

On Saturday, June 5, the nine played with the Hartfords their second game, which was remarkably well played on both sides. The Yale nine astonished the worthy citizens of Hartford by their skill and discipline, and agreeably disappointed those who had expected to see a one-sided game. A score of three to one with the second nine in the country is a promising omen for our success with Harvard. The score was :

HARTFORD.					YALE.				
	R.	O.	1B.	E.		R.	O.	1B.	E.
Allison,	0	12	0	1	Hotchkiss,	1	0	2	1
Burdock,	0	3	1	1	Williams,	0	0	0	0
Carey,	0	0	0	0	Knight,	0	1	2	4
Cummings,	1	1	0	0	Avery,	0	0	2	2
Harbidge,	0	0	0	1	Bigelow,	0	0	2	0
Ferguson,	0	4	0	0	Jones,	0	14	0	1
Remsen,	1	0	2	0	Maxwell,	0	10	0	0
Mills,	1	7	1	1	Smith,	0	2	1	0
Bond,	0	0	0	0	Wheaton,	0	0	0	1
<hr/>					<hr/>				
	3	27	4	4		1	27	9	9
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hartford,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2—3
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Umpire: Charles Daniels.

On the eighth the nine played again with the Hartfords, but the score was sadly different. There was a great deal of wild throwing, and very little good batting on our side, and the game finally closed in favor of the Hartfords with the following score :

HARTFORD.				YALE.					
	O.	R.	1B.		O.	R.	1B.		
Allison, c.,	2	3	1	Hotchkiss, r. f.,	3	1	0		
Burdock, 2 b.,	4	1	1	Kean, 2 b.,	4	0	1		
Carey, s. s.,	5	0	0	Knight, c. f.,	5	0	0		
Cummings, p.,	3	1	1	Avery, p.,	2	1	4		
York, l. f.,	2	2	3	Bigelow, 3 b.,	4	0	0		
Ferguson, 3 b.,	3	1	2	Jones, 1 b.,	3	0	1		
Remsen, c. f.,	2	1	1	Maxwell, c.,	3	0	0		
Mills, 1 b.,	3	0	1	Smith, l. f.,	0	1	3		
Bond, r. f.,	3	1	0	Wheaton, s. s.,	3	0	0		
	27	10	10		27	3	9		
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hartford,	1	0	0	3	2	0	0	2	2—10
Yale,	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0—3

Runs earned: Hartford, 1; Yale, 1. 1st base on errors: Hartford, 8; Yale, 2. Double play: Maxwell and Hotchkiss, 4. Time of game: 2 hours. Umpire: F. B. Mitchell, Y. U. B. B. C. Scorers: W. S. Kenny, Yale; B. S. Douglass, Hartford.

On the twelfth the nine visited Waterbury to play with Rose Hills. The game was very poor and uninteresting, and the ride home was full of accidents. The score of the game was :

YALE.					ROSE HILL.				
	R.	O.	B.			R.	O.	B.	
Wheaton, s. s.,	1	5	0		Harrison, c.,	0	5	0	
Williams, r. f.,	2	1	2		Hebbits, 3 b.,	1	3	0	
Knight, 2 b.,	2	4	2		McCauliff, 2 b.,	0	4	0	
Avery, p.,	1	4	2		McGinn, l. f.,	0	3	0	
Bigelow, 3 b.,	2	3	1		Pritchard, s. s.,	1	2	0	
Jones, 1 b.,	2	2	2		Halpine, p.,	1	3	0	
Maxwell, c.,	1	2	3		Finley, c. f.,	0	3	0	
Smith, l. f.,	1	2	3		Cassin, r. f.,	0	2	1	
Patton, c. f.,	0	4	2		Shaw, 1 b.,	0	2	1	
	12	27	14			3	27	2	
Innings, 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, 1	1	3	0	1	0	0	4	2—12	
Rose Hill, 1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—3	

Umpire: Mr. Kenny. Errors, 9 for Yale and 19 for Rose Hill. Struck out: Yale, 2; Rose Hill, 16. Passed balls, too numerous to mention. Time of game, two hours and five minutes.

On the fifteenth Hartford was again visited by our nine, and the game, distinguished only by the wildest kind of throwing, closed with the score 11 to 2 in favor of the Hartfords. In the evening the Hartford club very generously entertained our nine and their followers, and showed a gentlemanly and kindly feeling which speaks well for both management and nine. A game with the T. B's at Hamilton Park redeemed our reputation as ball players, and the Bridgeport boys went home disconsolate. The score was as follows :

YALE.					T. B.				
	R.	O.	B.			R.	O.	B.	
Smith, l. f.,	2	3	1		O'Rourke, c. f.,	1	4	1	
Morgan, 2 b.,	3	2	2		Nichols, r. f.,	1	4	1	
Knight, c. f.,	0	4	1		Thomson, c.,	0	4	1	
Avery, p.,	0	4	0		Roseman, p.,	1	4	1	
Jones, 1 b.,	1	3	1		Larkin, l. f.,	0	3	0	
Carter, r. f.,	1	3	1		Ward, 3 b.,	0	3	0	
Bigelow, 3 b.,	0	4	0		Hasket, 2 b.,	1	2	1	
Maxwell, c.,	1	2	2		Snigg, 1 b.,	1	2	1	
Wheaton, s. s.,	1	2	1		Darrigan, s. s.,	1	1	2	
	9	27	9			6	27	8	
Innings, 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, 1	1	1	0	2	0	3	1	0—9	
T. B., 0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	3—6	

Umpire: Mr. J. Parsons. Passed balls: Maxwell, 7; Thomson, 2; Errors: Yale, 16; T. B., 13. Earned runs: Yale, 2; T. B., none. Struck out: Yale, 2; T. B., 7. Time of game, two hours and sixteen minutes.

Two games of the Harvard-Yale Freshman series have been played. The one on June 5th, at Cambridge, the other, June 17th, at Hamilton Park. The third game will probably be played on Thursday, June 24, at Providence. The scores were, for the first game:

YALE.					HARVARD.				
	1B.	R.	O.			1B.	R.	O.	
Morgan, c.,	2	0	3		Albert, l.,	2	3	1	
Smith, E. W., h.,	1	0	2		Harding, a.,	2	1	4	
Downer, a.,	2	0	3		Mead, c.,	0	1	4	
Maxon, l.,	1	0	3		Holmes, h.,	1	0	2	
Riley, p.,	2	0	3		Adams, r.,	1	0	4	
Smith, F., r.,	0	0	4		Thayer, b.,	1	0	3	
Carter, b.,	1	1	4		Richards,	0	0	4	
Wesson, s.,	1	2	3		Page, p.,	1	0	3	
Weeks, m.,	1	0	2		Stackpoole, s.,	0	1	2	
	—	—	—			—	—	—	
	11	3	27			8	6	27	
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0—3
Harvard,	0	1	2	0	3	0	0	0	0—6

Runs earned: Yale, 2; Harvard, 3. Struck out: Yale, 0; Harvard, 6. Time of game, two hours and five minutes. Umpire: C. W. Dole. Scorer: Stone.

And for the second game:

YALE.				HARVARD.			
	O.	R.	1B.		O.	R.	1B.
Morgan, m.,	3	2	2	Albert, l.,	2	2	0
Maxon, l.,	2	3	3	Harding, a.,	2	3	3
Weeks, c.,	3	2	3	Mead, c.,	4	1	1
Wesson, s.,	3	3	3	Holmes, h.,	3	1	2
Riley, p.,	4	1	3	Adams, r.,	2	0	1
Smith, E. W., h.,	3	2	0	Thayer, b.,	4	0	0
Carter, b.,	4	1	1	Richards,	3	1	1
McCune, r.,	3	2	1	Page, p.,	4	0	0
Downer, a.,	2	2	1	Stackpoole, s.,	3	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	27	18	17		27	8	8

Runs earned: Yale, 8; Harvard, 4. Errors: Yale, 8; Harvard, 17. Umpire: Mr. Brown, of the Providence club. Time of game, two hours.

The game with Amherst, which was to have taken place on Saturday, the 19th, was postponed until Wednesday, the 23d, on account of another rainy day, such as spoiled the day for

The Dedication Exercises,

Which took place on June 9th. The afternoon exercises were quite largely attended, both by ladies and students. The speeches were all very good; those of Rev. Mr. Twichell, '59, and of Mr. W. C. Gulliver, '70, particularly so. Prof. Brewer supplied the place of Prof. Wheeler, who was unavoidably absent. The programme, as distributed to the guests, was as here given: 1. Music. 2. Opening Address; Pres. Porter. 3. Delivery of Boat House to Navy; Prof. Wheeler. 4. Acceptance of Boat House by Navy; Pres. Ferry. 5. Athletic Culture; Prof. Brewer. 6. Boating of Past; Rev. J. H. Twichell. 7. Boating of Future; W. C. Gulliver. 8. Music. 9. Review.—1. Single Scull Race; 2. Barge Race; 3. Shell Race; 4. Pair-oar Race. On account of the rain, the only race was a scrub one between the University and Freshman crews, who, regardless of their comfort, pulled about a mile for the amusement of the spectators. In the evening the ball engrossed the attention of quite a number, though not enough to pay expenses. Everything was splendidly arranged for the comfort of the guests. The music was by Bernstein, and the supper, which Bigot furnished, was the best which we have ever seen given by the college, both in respect to the *Menu* and to the way in which it was served. The crew will leave for Saratoga on July 2d, and will be as follows: Brownell, '75 S. S. S. (bow); Chandler, '78; Kellogg, '76; Fowler, '76; Kennedy, '75 S. S. S.; Cook, '76 (stroke) W. C. Hall, '75 S. S. S., will go as substitute. The Freshman crew has disbanded, owing to a number of accidents which would prevent three of the best men from rowing.

The Summer Regatta

Was held at Lake Saltonstall, Wednesday, June 2d. The barge race was the first contest of the day, and for this there were three entries: '76 Academic, Freshman, and the Law School crew. The crews were as follows: '76 Ac.—S. D. Harrison (bow), D. Trumbull, F. N. Wright, C. N. Fowler, D. H. Kellogg, R. J. Cook (stroke), E. S. Rowland (cox); color, blue. Law School.—V. H. Metcalf, '76 (bow); C. Ives, Jr., '76; J. W. Wescott, '76; C. H. Russell, '75; J. B. Ward, '76; R. H. Johnston (stroke), H. D. Sellers (cox.); color, crimson. Fresh-

man.—H. Livingston, '76 (bow); W. Holcomb, '77 S. S. S.; C. K. Mixer, '77 S. S. S.; W. K. James, '78; J. P. Clarke, '78; A. D. Chandler, '78 (str.); G. L. Brownell (cox.); color, white. The race was won by the Law School in 13 min. 9 sec., the Freshman coming in second in 13 min. 16 sec., and '76 Ac. third, in 13 min. 19½ sec. Kennedy, '75 S. S. S., Hall, '75 S. S. S., and W. W. Seymour, '75 Ac., entered for the single scull race, which was won by Kennedy, Hall coming in second, Seymour third. The times were: 15 min. 21 sec.; 16 m.; and 18 min. 48½ sec. The last race was in pair-oars, for which there were two entries: Brownell (bow), Cook (stroke), W. H. Kelsey (cox.); and Kellogg (bow), Fowler (stroke), E. S. Rowland (cox.). Brownell and Cook won the race in 7 min. 5½ sec., Kellogg and Fowler making 7 min. 14 sec.

The DeForest Speaking

Took place on Friday, June 18, in the Chapel. The following was the programme: S. R. BETTS, "Hawthorne's Representations of Sin"; C. T. CHESTER, "Hawthorne's Representations of Sin"; JAMES HILLHOUSE, "Hartford Convention of 1814"; E. W. SOUTHWORTH, "Hawthorne's Representations of Sin"; H. S. GULLIVER, "The Execution of Charles I. compared with that of Louis XVI."; J. A. GARVER, "Hawthorne's Representations of Sin." In spite of the unfavorable weather, quite a large audience was in attendance. The essays were unusually good, so that there was considerable difference of opinion, among those who consider themselves critics, as to who would be the recipient of the prize. The Faculty, after an extended discussion, divided the honor between Chester and Gulliver. At the close of the DeForest speaking, most of the audience remained to hear the announcement of

Miscellaneous Prizes

By the President, in the following order: *First Senior Mathematical prize, with the gold medal.*—Hungerford. *Winthrop Prizes.*—1st, Bushnell; 2d, Gleason and Hadley. *Sophomore Declamation prizes.*—1st, Chandler; 2d, O. Reed and Thacher; 3d, Whitehead. *Sophomore Mathematical prizes.*—1st, O. T. Sherman; 2d, Rood; 3d, Camp. *Freshman Scholarships.*—1st, Kelsey; 2d and 3d to Foster and Taft, who were judged equal. Special prizes were also awarded to H. C. Coe and Dexter for excellence in Latin Composition at the scholarship examination. *Berkeley prize, for excellence in Latin Composition.*—1st, O. W. Brown, Foster, Hoyt, Kelsey, Ripley, Schwab, Whitney; 2d, F. A. Beckwith, H. C. Coe, Dexter, Moën, Palmer, F. S. Smith, W. L. R. Wurts.

Class Historians

Were elected by the Junior class for the Commencement next year. They are Bannard, Dawes, Doolittle, Jessup.

Senior Societies

Gave out elections on May 27th as follows : *Skull and Bones*.—J. DeW. H. Allen, J. W. Andrews, O. T. Bannard, Walker Blaine, E. S. Bottom, R. J. Cook, C. M. Dawes, C. N. Fowler, A. T. Hadley, E. P. Howe, W. W. Hyde, J. H. Marvin, P. G. Russell, R. B. Smith, E. D. Worcester. *Scroll and Key*.—Wm. Arnold, C. L. Bartlett, F. S. Benson, G. E. Coney, H. W. DeForest, J. E. Durand, Stanley Dwight, W. N. Frew, Durbin Horne, Colles Johnston, J. H. Kean, A. A. Lockwood, John Porter, L. W. Shaffer, David Trumbull.

Items.

The Class Statistics of '75 have appeared.—Senior class supper at Guilford, June 22.—Clark, Bell, Fulton, Post and Carrington are on the class supper committee of '75.—The Junior class supper, which was to be held at Greenwich, will probably be abandoned, on account of insufficient support.—Gamma Nu's campaign committee is as follows : Taylor, Pres.; Aber, Beach, Beckwith, Edwards, Hill, Johnson, Kelsey, James and Moody.—The Junior Debating Society has discontinued its meetings until Senior year.—A Sophomore chapter of Gamma Nu is proposed.—Atwater, '77, refused an election to *Δ. K. E.*—The daily and weekly secular papers are on file in the reading-room on Sundays.—The Art School Reception came off on Tuesday evening, June 1.—The Junior class have decided on Notman as class photographer, although the majority of the committee reported in favor of Garrett Bros. of Philadelphia.—The Martha Washington Tea Party at Music Hall, June 10 and 11, attracted many students.—'78's class supper at Crocker House, New London, June 23.—Minty and Montgomery, '76; Dickenson, Gould, Hatch and Mead, '77, have received elections to Psi Upsilon.—C. L. Norton, '59, advocates canoe rowing in a letter published in the *Record*.—A party of Juniors have been to Cheshire on a picnic.—Triennial meeting of class of '72, June 30.—Mr. Sawyer declines the class cup.—Juniors have been serenading Miss Cady's boarding school.—The *Index* is received, and presents a creditable appearance. There are a few errors which we can but notice. The name of Atwater is included in the *Δ. K. E.* elections. The cut before the Gamma Nu society is inverted. The Sophomore composition prizes for the first term are omitted. The whole appearance is very neat, and it is, in general, accurate.

BOOK NOTICES.

Little Classics. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: C. R. Coan & Co.

The "Little Classics" now number, we think, twelve volumes, beautifully printed and tastefully bound. The editor, Rossiter Johnson, in his preface, states, as distinctly as he can, what he proposes to designate by the term "Little Classics." They are of all languages, and of every author, from the Bible to Bret Harte; stories, essays, philosophy and fiction. Having given himself such ample room for selection, we see no reason why the "Little Classics" should not consist of as many volumes as their more-famed relations, the Delphini edition. We trust they will, for we have nowhere seen a more tasteful selection of short stories and pleasing sketches. A slight and an altogether just prejudice is visible in the selection in favor of American authors. Printed in America and intended to be read in this country only, we are glad to see so many of our authors thus introduced to their countrymen. We are too apt totally to forget our own contributions to literature.

Young ladies to whom Margaret Fuller is an unknown name, can tell you all about Madame de Staël; while the readers of fiction know scarcely anything of Mrs. Spofford. The "Little Classics" are so suggestive that we could pile up criticism and gratuitous advice sufficient for an "article."

The dog-days are on us, and we begin to dream of the mountains and the seashore. "Gentle reader," in your summer excursions take the whole edition with you for pocket-companions! Admirably fitted are these beautiful books, both in size and in substance, to be the reading-matter of your walks and your journeys.

The Romance of an Honest Woman. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

This book will hardly add to the author's reputation of a brilliant French novelist. The plot, though by no means tame, is slightly labored and overdrawn. The hero and heroine fall madly in love and marry in the early part of the work. The husband soon grows tired of the happiness, which he had too easily won. The wife, on her part, becomes indifferent. The rest of the book relates the trials and jealousies of the two parties, until at last a mutual reconciliation takes place, through the appearance, in the shape of a lover, of a young Jesuit devotee. The style of the book is its redeeming feature. There is a brilliancy and easy flow about it which in places becomes truly majestic and picturesque in its tone and coloring. On the whole, the book is worth reading, if only to admire the style, and study the character of Isabel, the heroine, who is portrayed with great force and considerable insight in woman's temperament.

Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner, selected from his writings and translated by Edward L. Burlingame. New York: Henry Holt & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

This is a neat volume, containing extracts from Wagner's numerous and mystical writings. It contains reminiscences of his early life, and gives us some idea of the character of the composer.

The question of Wagner's merits is not yet settled. If he were always true to his theory there would be no doubt but that he would only be looked upon as a curiosity. We advise those who wish to see how a man of ability can woefully misuse his talent through prejudice, to read Richard Grant White's papers on Liszt and Wagner, which appeared in the *Galaxy* some time ago.

Europe for \$2 a Day. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven: Judd & White.

The impression has always prevailed that a trip to Europe necessitated a great financial outlay. But Sweetser gives us here a few notes for the assistance of tourists of moderate means. "This book is intended for the use of young men who have resolved to make the tour and are planning as to how they can best accomplish it." "If a man has got 'Europe on the brain' (inelegant but expressive), and can't go like a prince and won't go like a peasant, but is prepared to bear a little hardship and practice self-denials, then this book will

serve him." It is replete with personal reminiscences of travel and is interesting and amusing.

An Idyl of Work. By Lucy Larcom. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. New Haven : Judd & White.

This is the first extended work that Miss Larcom has undertaken, but it is one which will be an encouragement to continue. She has sought to produce a truthful sketch of factory life and invests the sketch with a delicate fancy and adds many beautiful descriptions of nature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Insects of the Field. By A. S. Packard. Boston : Estes and Lauriat.

The Ice Age in Britain. By Prof. Geikie. Boston : Estes and Lauriat.

Alicia Warlock. By Wilkie Collins. Boston : Wm. T. Gill & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Every State has offered contributions at our exchange shrine. Western rhymsters, long-haired, romantic, and withal disgustingly effervescent, have chanted sad lays replete with unpoetic discord.

Essayists from the East have in vain grappled with the abstract. Southern periodicals have labored faithfully, and puns fresh from fertile brains have sprung incomprehensible. And yet no kind hand of woman offering consolation has cheered us in this utter desolation. For lo! the *Tyro* and the *Miscellany*, with feminine fickleness, have neglected us. Yet though Ganot's Physics beckons us very patronizingly, we follow where duty calls and notice first

"The *Amherst Student*, which contains some well-written articles. But we were forcibly reminded that life had some pleasures in store for us when we read that amusing romance entitled "The Melancholy History of an Amherst Trustee." Our contemporary calls upon the gods to witness that the author is "an Aleck," but we think it rather hard on the "Alecks."

The *Crimson* comes to hand readable and maintaining its high rank among college journals. "Boppard" has considerable of the true poetic in its composition.

Loomis' Journal sings the praises of John M. Loretz, Jr., and also adds his picture to lend an additional charm to its felicitous expressions. John has on a very bad cravat, an exceedingly doubtful diamond cross, a massive paper collar, and—well, somehow we should'n't be at all surprised to learn that he had fits.

The *Brunonian* is one of the best of our exchanges, and is always dignified and readable. The Exchange editor fires off a few remarks in regard to the indiscriminate "giving" so prevalent in the exchange columns of periodicals.

The *University Herald* is full of news, but perhaps the author of the article on "Aristotle" does'n't roll high. "His star, the brightest in the constellation of great minds, shall never cease its course till, with the last sinking sun, it shall pass forever through the golden gates of evening and the morning of eternity shall break over the vales and gardens of his native land."

The *Harvard Advocate* is of course excellent, and its poetry is in striking but favorable comparison with that of the majority of our exchanges.

The *Williams Athenæum* is good. Its editorials are written in a manly style, and its poetry is above the average. The only fault we would find is that the prose pieces, owing to their old and hackneyed subjects, are entirely too prosy.

The *High School* commences a poem on "The Wild Flowers," beginning with "Shall I tell you the stories they told me?" Upon the whole we rather concluded not to hear them and shot "The Wild Flowers." A woodcut of the Omaha High School building adorns the first page, and is so unique in appearance that it is liable to be mistaken, at first sight, for the county poor house.

Appleton's Journal contains light and easy reading—"The Story of Hyde Park," "America seen with Foreign Eyes," etc. It is fully up to its ordinarily high standard. "A Plea for a Sensible Clergy" is a step in the right direction; but some of its conundrums would puzzle Philadelphia lawyers, as "Why did God, when he drove man from the Garden of Eden, place him in a world of light and beauty and throw around him an inspiration to a better life, instead of thrusting him into a dark and ugly hell, where he might be continually reminded of his evil state?"

The following is quoted from the *University Reporter* to show what an ass even an old man can make of himself:

"The faithful few disciples seek their master for to hear him speak. I would prefer not speaking now, the master said. With lowly bow Tsze-Kung made answer: 'And if you, our master, do not say a word, what must your followers record?' The master said: '*The worlds pursue their restless rounds—but have you heard The heavens say aught? The seasons wing Their constant courses; nature speeds with growing bounty to men's needs—But Heaven says never anything.*'"

The *College Spectator*, it seems, has injured the feelings of the Freshman class of Union College, and they immediately resolved to cease their subscriptions and hung the editor-in-chief in effigy. The *Spectator* puts it to them like this: "It has been stated more than once that the class of '78 contains more babies just out of their swaddling clothes than any Freshman class that ever entered Union College." "The Freshmen are evidently making strenuous exertions to run the *Spectator* into the ground. But their efforts are premature; they will probably be more successful a year hence, when the paper passes into their hands." And yet, says the great Harry Beckett, "we cannot be always happy."

The *Western*, a journal of literature, education and art, has a twenty-page article on "The Human Ear." That is all we have to say about the Western Journal of Literature, Education and Art.

We always wondered what benefit would accrue to us from our logical researches, but G., of Amherst, '76, has solved the difficulty by remarking, "that the study of Logic gives a man an awful advantage in talking with babies."

The *Cornell Era* is filled with accounts of the inter-State oratorical contest and the spring regatta.

The *Irving Union* has a poet who sings, "Why should we listen to life's ringing chorus?" Never having heard it sung, we feel compelled to give it up.

We didn't finish reading that article in "*The Owl*" on "Spiritism and the Spirits," but we read enough to be convinced that the writer hadn't the faintest idea of what he was talking about.

The *Nassua Lit.* deserves a complimentary notice, but only fifteen out of forty-five pages are devoted to the *Lit.* articles proper, the rest of the space being filled with editorial matter and Olla Podrida.

A prize is to be offered to the successful wrestler of this unique sentence, found in the *College Transcript*: "Indeed, the general proposition man is mortal is viewed rather from a historical point of view than as having any practical bearing on ourselves."

For the delectation of those interested in inter-collegiate contests, we subscribe the latter part of the oration that took the first prize at the inter-State contest at Indianapolis on the 13th of May:

"From the banks of the Ganges," "from Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," from the shores of the Pacific and where flow the waters of the Nile, from Alpine heights and New England palatial residences, comes the legitimate response, "I see, I see the star," and over every barrier they are coming to clasp hands around the cross of one common Redeemer, until soon in Heaven's courts will be heard the glad announcement, "the morning dawneth." O, culture, noble is thy work! Thy dignity is the highest manifestation of Divinity, yea, the symbol of God's infinity, for no limit can set to thy unfolding. Humanity as a unit comes and bows at thy tribunal, acknowledging the sway of thy scepter, and marshalled under thy banner to conquer death and hell, and with thee to scale the battlements of glory.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

JUNE, 1875.

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NOTICE.

Fifty cents will be paid at Gulliver's for any of the following numbers of the LIT.: Vol. IV, No. 6. Vol. XIX, No. 2. Vol. XXV, No. 3. Vol. XXIX, No. 8. Vol. XXX, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Vol. XXXV, Nos. 1. Vol. XXXVII, No. 2.

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